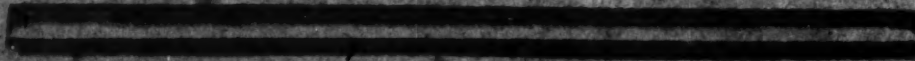


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AN
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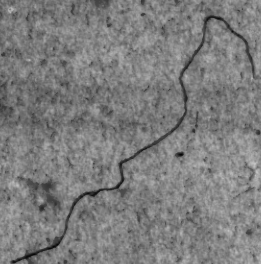
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MARCH 5th 1778

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

IN

ORIENTAL



DEPARTMENT

OF ASIAN AND AFRICAN ANTIQUITIES

AND OF THE HISTORY OF THE ARTS

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED
MARCH 5th, 1778,
AT THE
REQUEST OF THE INHABITANTS
OF THE
TOWN OF BOSTON:
TO
COMMEMORATE THE BLOODY TRAGEDY
OF THE
FIFTH OF MARCH, 1770:

B. Y.
JONATHAN WILLIAMS AUSTIN, Esq;

— Multaque rubentia Casae
Lubrica Saxa madent, nullis sua profuit Elato:
— Hic ubi barbarus hostis,
Ut fera plus valeant legibus arma facis.
Quis cladem illius hostis quis funera laudo
Explicit? Aut possit Lacrymis aequare labores?
Plurima potius vias seruantur inania passim
Corpora

LUCAN, Lib. 2.

OVIS DE PONTO.

VIRGIL. ad ÆNEID.

B O S T O N;
Printed by B. EDES, and T. & J. FLEET;
M,DCC,LXXVIII.

*AT a Meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town
of Boston, duly qualified and legally warned, in public Town-Meet-
ing assembled at Faneuil-Hall March Fifth, A. D. 1778. Voted,
That the*

*Hon. Samuel Adams, Esq;
Mr. Joseph B. [unclear]
Ellis Gray, Esq;
Samuel Barrett, Esq;
Hon. John Pitts, Esq;
Mr. Elias Parkman, and
Joseph Greenleaf, Esqs*

*Be, and hereby are appointed a Committee to wait upon Jonathan Wil-
liams Austin, Esq; and in the Name of the Town, to thank him for
the spirited and elegant Oration, delivered by him at their Request, in
Commemoration of the horrid Massacre, perpetrated on the Evening of
the Fifth of March, 1770, by a Party of Soldiers of the XXIXth Re-
giment, under the Command of Capt. Thomas Preston; and to request
of him a Copy thereof for the Press.*

Attest.

WILLIAM COOPER, Town-Clerk.

Gentlemen,

I AM very willing, under your Patronage, to publish my Senti-
ments, hoping they will be read with the same Candor that
attended the Delivery. -

JONATHAN WILLIAMS AUSTIN.

Boston, 9th March, 1778.

A N
O R A T I O N.

MY FRIENDS, AND FELLOW CITIZENS,

TO weep over the tomb of the patriot—to drop a tear to the memory of those unfortunate citizens, who fell the first sacrifices to tyranny and usurpation is noble, generous and humane. Such are the sentiments that influence you, my countrymen, or why through successive periods, with heartfelt sensations, have you attended this solemn anniversary, and paid this sad tribute to the memory of your slaughter'd brethren. Nor is the circle contracted—The most amiable part of the creation share the grief, and, soft pity beaming in their countenances, like *the daughters of Israel*, annually lament the fate of others, and weep over the miseries of their country. † Come then, my friends, let us enter the solitary courts of death, and perhaps an hour spent in such reflections, may afford as solid improvement as nature in *her gayest scenes*.

To commemorate the deaths of those men who fell unhappy victims to brutal violence—to show the dangerous tendency of standing armies in populous cities in time of peace, the origin of this fatal catastrophe—to trace its connexion and effects, as they have been, and are now display'd, in different parts of America, I take to be the design of this day's solemnity.

It appears to me needless to enter into the nature and ends of civil government, and to evince that standing armies are a solecism in such a constitution. Such sentiments are founded in nature, and have for ages, under different forms, and different meridians, been fully display'd by men who knew the rights of nature and mankind. The names of LOCK, SYDNEY & HAMPPDEN have long been illustrious, and my countrymen are too well acquainted with their writings, not to venerate their memories. Nor can I forget the same sentiments which have charm'd you from the lips of men, who have spoke before me on the same occasion, whose characters will be ever dear, and the exertions of whose patriotism and virtue exhibited in the most critical situations, posterity will ever wonder at and revere.

In short, to confirm this point by logical conclusions must be an useless mispense of time. Even a crown lawyer, whose sentiments are not always friendly to the rights of mankind will tell us, “In a land of liberty, it is extremely
! dangerous

† Judges xith. 39, 40.

" dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms. In absolute
 " monarchies this is indeed necessary for the *safety of the prince*, and arises
 " from the *main principle* of their constitution, which is, governing by fear :
 " but in free states, the profession of a soldier, taken *single* and *merely* as a
 " profession, is justly an object of jealousy. The laws therefore, and con-
 " stitution of these kingdoms, know no such thing as a *perpetual, standing*
 " soldier." +

Arguments existing in theory, however the mind may be captivated, do not always convince, and consequences traced from the same source are seldom interesting. But when we find the apprehensions of the greatest and best of mankind, who actuated by a principle of benevolence, felt for the common interests, fully display'd in awful and tremendous effects, we then start from our lethargy, and like the sensitive plant, shrink from approaching danger ! such is the case with respect to the subject before us. Philosophers and statesmen have shewn how dangerous standing armies *must* be in a free state, and every page in the volume of mankind confirms the melancholy account.

Speculative writers may indeed tell us, that the seeds of dissolution exist in every body politic—that like the body natural it must decay and die—and that the same causes which brought the empires of *Belus* and *Cyrus* to destruction will sap every other government on earth. || For my own part I am no fatalist, and *nil desperandum pro republica*, is to me a much preferable, and more generous motto. And instead of enumerating their many vices and corruptions as the *original cause*, I think a little acquaintance with history will inform us, that they are not merely the original cause, but *consequences* resulting from the fatal measure, we are considering. In absolute monarchies, where the military is the principal engine of government, we are not to look for a confirmation of this argument. But in republics, till the introduction of a soldiery distinct from the citizens, we find them as remote from corruption, luxury, and the other black catalogue of vices as any human system can attain to. But when standing troops were introduced, they immediately followed. Depravity of manners—a dislike to virtue and manly sentiment—effeminacy, and those grosser vices, too indelicate to be mentioned in this place, stalk'd like daemons through their cities. Witness, ye republics, that were once great and illustrious, but are now no more ! witness O Boston ! for ye were too well acquainted with the melancholy truth !

We will now confirm the sentiment by a brief inspection into some parts of history.

The *Greeks* were a republic, that in a short flight of years, exhibited the most glorious spectacle, that ever appeared to mankind ; and, as one observes, the age they liv'd in, seem'd to be the golden period of human nature.* In every

+ Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. 1st. Pag. 407.

|| See Bellarmin by M. Marmontell.

* Harris Hermes.

every branch of war or peace, in every species of science they excelled, and were at once fear'd, admir'd and venerated by the other nations of the world. Yet this heroic confederacy was originally reduced from this glorious superiority, by the arts of *one* man. || Under the idea of a guard, from an inconsiderable number of attendants, he increased to that stretch of power as proved the fatal stab to the vitals of his country. The bank thus broken down, the tide swell'd too rapid to be stemm'd, and virtue, freedom and the laws all fell a sacrifice.

Similar was the situation of the *Romans*. Although not so universally distinguished as the *Greeks*, yet from the expulsion of their kings, to the time of *Marius*, they evinced to what a prodigious greatness mankind may arrive when actuated by the principles of liberty, virtue and honor. Influenced by such motives, no wonder their actions were conformable; and while the most rigid inflexibility presided at home, the Roman eagle flew to the remotest corner of the globe.

Can we then suppose when we view the characters which appeared on the stage at this period—when we consider how remote they were from those vices which have been prevalent in powerful monarchies, and how carefully they watch'd the sacred altar of freedom, that they themselves must remain a standing monument of the consequences of this fatal measure. Such is the case. *Marius* in new modelling the legions, and replacing the citizens who served in them with foreign mercenaries laid the horrid foundation.—The door was now open for one too powerful citizen after another, until *Cæsar*, losing every check, and laughing at the impotent anathemas of the senate, with the distant legions march'd to Rome, and formed a new æra in their history. From this period we are charmed no more with illustrious actions, and the last remains of dignity, sunk in the Roman world. So true is it, that when a people lose their liberty, they at once become fit subjects of every thing base and infamous.

We have thus far produced instances of the fatal effects of armies thus kept up, which have ended in the utter subversion of the laws and government of two of the most memorable republics in antient story. We will now shift the scene, and while we show their dangerous tendency in states of a more modern date, we will exhibit an illustrious example through what scenes of danger, hardships and blood the determined spirit of honor, and attachment to freedom will carry a people.

Previous to mentioning the situation of the *united provinces*, I must remark how very similar their circumstances were to ours. We shall ever find it an unalterable maxim of princes, who in time of peace keep up a standing force, however they may call them the *protectors of law*, the end is to subvert those laws and render the constitution useless. Such was the mode of conduct of *Phillip*

the

|| *Plutarchus.*

3 / A N O R A T I O N .

the second, of Spain, to the low countries, and such the procedure of a similar character, *George the third*, of Britain, influenced by as despicable a ministry. The former, as sir William Temple observes, "thinking it not agreeing with his greatness," (an army being now in the bowels of their country) "to consider their discontents, or be limited by their ancient forms of government," proceeds to despise the one and overturn the other. New courts judicatory were appointed, new offices established *depending absolutely on the king*. †

What was the consequence?—could it be supposed a generous people would sit down tamely, and kiss the rod that lash'd them? a different mode of conduct ensued. The duke of *Alva* was sent with a powerful army, the very forcible plea of tyrants, and the most shocking cruelties were committed. Here let humanity spread her veil, nor let the tender breast heave with anguish at such scenes. But shocking as they are, they flow as naturally from this cursed engine of oppression, as beams of light from the sun. For as the same sensible writer observes, "So great antipathy ever appears between citizens and soldiers; while one *pretends to be safe* under laws, which the other *pretends shall be subject* to his sword and his will."

But terrible as the many executions of their most illustrious patriots appear'd to them, while the land was drench'd in its richest blood;—however affecting the sight of confiscations, imprisonments, and the numberless cruelties that attended them, they were not daunted. That God who hateth oppression, and delighteth in the happiness of his creation, inspired them with sentiments, that carried them through innumerable hardships, till after having expended immense treasures and blood for better than threescore years they laid the foundation of a rich, free and flourishing people: Providence hereby giving an instructive lesson to posterity in every age, who are contending for all that is dear and sacred, to pursue the glorious object undaunted; knowing that as liberty is a plant transplanted from the gardens of heaven, its divine parent will still cherish it, and in spite of opposition it will flourish, it will live forever.

Such, my friends, have been the methods used by enterprising men, in former ages, to carry into effect their ambitious designs, and found their greatness on the ruins of their country. But in our day, these measures have become systematical. They are in fact part of the constitution. To take a view of the different powers in *Europe*, and compare them with the state of ancient republics, under great and wise legislators, who seem'd to be raised up for the benefit of the age they lived in, and the admiration of posterity, we must drop the tear of sensibility at the contrast. Where is the kingdom that does not groan under the calamities of military tyranny?—let us pause a while on the most eminent of them.

In

† Sir Wil. Temple's Observations on the United Provinces, Pag. 21, 22.

In the large Empire of *Russia*, the effects are glaring. Even the shadow of Liberty has evanished. Of so great importance is the Military, that a recruiting Officer can go through their Villages, and pitch upon the ablest of the Inhabitants as he would chuse his Cattle. And even a Farmer has been imprisoned in his own house, for the escape of a Child, while by order of the Officer, his own Sons have been his goalers.*

Perhaps there is no Nation in any part of the world, more happy than *France*, in every luxury of life. But amid this profusion of plenty, the Farmer exhibits the most wretched spectacle in nature. Supported by the gleanings of the field, the fruits of his labor go to the subsistence of the Soldiery. Thus dispirited and depressed, he contents himself with the refuge of his ground, while after his greatest exertions, another will reap the fruits of his honest industry. The most obdurate breast must melt at such scenes, and execrate the effects of standing Armies.

Look into the situation of *Poland*. Under the direction of that great Man,† famous for his victories against the Turks, they were brave and virtuous, and proved the bulwark of Christendom. But under the *Saxon* line, this spirit, not suiting their plan of government, was awed by Electoral troops, and totally decayed. The consequences are now severely experienced by them, and while in this depressed State they are an object of desire to *Turks* and *Russians*, their Country is a scene of bloodshed and misery.

It is needless to mention *England*, or the idle farce of an annual Act of Parliament, for the support of standing Troops, which is nothing but an insult on the sense of that Nation. The more virtuous among them, if the flame of liberty has not entirely expired, easily see through the guise, and in the death of *Allen* and others, wantonly butchered by a mercenary Soldiery, can too clearly read the fate of themselves and posterity.

The melancholy part of this subject must give pain to every humane breast. This is natural. But these scenes more directly affect other nations; and however we may pity the unhappy sufferers, there is a kind of pleasure we feel that we ourselves are not immediately interested. And would to God, it had ever remained so. O my Country! with what heart-felt satisfaction, should I rejoice, if oppression had never stretched her baleful wings to this once happy clime! That that liberty which an illustrious set of Men, of whom the world was not worthy, purchased at so dear a rate, might have descended unimpaired to latest posterity. But is this the case? Has this scourge of mankind, stand-

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* Vid. Guthrie's Grammar.

† John Sobieski.

ing Armies, never interrupted our prosperity?—If so, why is this Desk hung with the sable covering of Death! Why am I surrounded by so many of my fellow-citizens, who listen to the tale of woe! Yes, my Countrymen, we ourselves are deeply interested; and this same engine of oppression, which has thrown mighty Republics from their foundations, has attempted and still continues to spread the same horrid consequences in America. And in its usual mode of conduct, has been attended with every species of cruelty, some of them unheard of before; but which your firmness, under God, has hitherto, and I pray ever may surmount.

The shocking scene of that dreadful night, the fatal effects of which we are still weeping over, is beyond description. No one perhaps, if it is taken in every view, that was not a spectator, can conceive it. When I consider the many insults, abuses and violences, this unhappy Town was exposed to for months previous to this melancholy tragedy—and when the tumult of contrary passions was thus naturally excited, to see a brutal soldiery, scattering promiscuous death through a defenceless unarmed multitude, till yonder street was crimsoned with the blood of its Citizens, while a tender Mother, stricken with grief, pours forth the anguish of her heart over a beloved son, now incapable of any returns of gratitude, all this exhibits a scene, which the distressed heart may painfully feel, but which the tongue cannot express. Let the breast then still continue to beat. These, my friends, are virtuous, generous feelings, and do honor to humanity. May we ever retain them. May this Institution, sacred to the memory of our murdered Brethren, be ever carefully preserved. Yes, ye injured Shades! We will still weep over you, and if any thing can be more soothing, WE WILL REVENGE YOU.

This glaring specimen of cruelty roused the Citizens, and in convincing colors displayed the effects of standing Armies in time of peace. But however our exertions were then successful, however the storm subsided, it was but temporary. While the Scales of Justice were held in palsied hands, and the most shocking barbarities were the highest merit, an additional force only was necessary. That arriving, the mask was thrown off, and a still greater scene of carnage and destruction, opened in our adjacent villages.

But such proceedings, however alarming at that period, were soon lost in more dreadful and distressing operations. The Heights of Charlestown too awfully convinced us of the melancholy truth, and posterity, while with tears of compassion, they ponder the transactions of that day, must execrate the causes which produced them. In any situation, the relics of slaughtered Citizens are objects of pity, and the sympathizing spectator will ever drop a tear over them. But there may be instances, when the lesser streams of affection, are absorbed in a still greater sea of woe. Such are the sentiments that must strike every breast.

70,5.1

breast, when we reflect, ILLUSTRIOUS WARREN! on thy death—A death, which whole hecatombs of slaughtered enemies, strowed around thy Corpse, can never repay. Here, Ye minions of power! Ye who are dead to the calls of honor and public virtue, are willing to wade to Station, through the blood of your Brethren, here behold a Spectacle that must harrow your inmost soul. You, my Countrymen, with the most pleasing sensations, have attentively listened, while, like us, he was weeping over the unhappy fate of others. You have kindled into rage, while he has set before you the dangerous nature and consequences of standing Armies, and prophetically pointed out to you still greater events. How affecting! That he who could lament the fate of others, must be himself deplored;—and that he, who could so feelingly paint the effects of this horrid measure, must himself fall one of the first sacrifices to it!

But it is not sufficient to drop a transient tear to the memory of departed Heroes, or to pay an Eulogy to their characters. The happiness of such Men, who, after having expired in the aims of Liberty and Virtue, are now sharing the highest degree of felicity, cannot be increased by our praises: No, my friends, the best way to express our affection for such great and good Men, is to rouse and revenge them. To hurl still fiercer bolts of vengeance on an inhuman Soldiery, who instead of affording the last honors, sacred to the dead, and which a generous Enemy will ever regard,—after grinning with hellish pleasure on the mangled Corpse, which alive could strike terror into their boldest heart, lodged it in a promiscuous grave; that since they could not prevent his name and reputation being immortal, his Remains might be hid forever.—O Britain! Thou hast, and shall still weep tears of blood for this!

Are not such Instances, my Countrymen, very convincing proofs of the fatal effects of standing Armies, in time of peace. In such a period they originated, and from the fifth of March 1770, through every degree of violence and barbarity, to the present day, it is but one connected scene.

After such exhibitions of cruelty and carnage, what can we suppose too brutal, too infamous for such an army? Can we wonder to see our houses in flames? Our altars rased to the ground, or converted to a much more horrid use, than the Jewish temple? If possible they have even exceeded; and the armies of Britain seem to be held up as a standing evidence, how far the spirit of tyranny and oppression can operate.

We shudder when the faithful page of history opens to our view the conduct of armies, flush'd with victories, sacking towns, burning villages, and perpetrating murders, with all the other dreadful concomitants. But if we look into the conduct of the British army in the *Jersies*, and some part of the State of *New-York*,

York, we shall find instances of all these crimes, and perhaps in some places instances even beyond them. To see the third City in a neighbouring State, wantonly consumed by an enemy, who not having spirit or ability, to meet us in the field, descend to these little mean methods of exciting terror—To see the ravages in the *Jarvis*, and the garden of America thus wantonly defaced.—Does not the blood beat high!—Do we not press forward to exterminate such Barbarians from the face of the earth!—But to mention still greater scenes of cruelty—Does not the ear tingle, when it hears the shrieks of helpless Virgins, dreadful victims to lust and barbarity; while the grey hairs and expressive groans of an aged parent, witness to his daughter's shame, plead in vain. Can any thing swell this complicated scene of woe? It *can* receive addition. These monsters exceed even the most barbarous nations. With them the ashes of the dead have ever been sacred. But under the patronage of a British Tyrant and his General, saffling the tainted gale, they have ransacked the silent repositories, and the remains of one that was once amiable and captivating, flung about as food for the birds of the air.* O God where is thy vengeance! O Virtue, Honor, Religion, Humanity, where, where are ye fled!

These, my Countrymen, are not the flights of fancy, not the dictates of imagination. They are solid, though very affecting realities. Can we then wish a re-union with such a people? Can we ever familiarly shake hands with a nation, who leaping every barrier, are thus wantonly sporting with our distresses, and bathing themselves in the blood of our countrymen? May America never retain such mean dastardly sentiments! For my own part, if I may be indulged, I would intreat, I would conjure, every one, who as a parent feels for the welfare of his posterity, to imitate the example of the renowned Carthaginian. † Lead your sons, ye fathers, not to the altar of Paganism, and under the tutelage of some unknown Deity, but to the sacred altar of Freedom; and while the guardian God of America is witness to the solemn obligation, **MAKE THEM SWEAR** that they never will be friends to a Power, who are thus sacrificing their dearest privileges. Ring in their young ears the dreadful tale of murders, rapes and massacres. Paint to them the conduct of Britain, as displayed in her arms in different parts of America, till their young breasts glow with ardor, and thus early catching the flame of patriotism, they may, through life, pursue undaunted, so glorious an object. Pleased with such an invocation, the shades of our Fathers, will rejoice over their posterity, and the Angels of love and purity will look down delighted.

No.

* Delauncy's Farm.

‡ As Hannibal, then about nine years old, was soothing with childish caresses his Father Hamilcar, to take him along with him to Spain, whither, after finishing the war in Africa, he was now about to transport his troops, and was sacrificing for success in that expedition, he was led by his Father to the altar, and with his hand on the victim, was bound by this solemn oath, "That as soon as he should have it in his power he would declare himself an enemy to the Roman People." *Livy*, b. 21. ch. 1.

No one, I think, can suppose these thoughts proceed from rage or passion. They are the cool dictates of my heart. I love my Country; her distresses affect me; nor from this moment do I ever wish a reconciliation with a Power, whose prosperity must be founded on my utter destruction.

I have now, my Countrymen, endeavor'd to exhibit the fatal effects of standing armies in time of peace; not from abstract reasoning, but as they exist in fact, and now prevail in our distressed land. Here I would remark, that it is standing armies in *time of peace*, and the *consequences* thence resulting, that we are now deprecating. Armies in defence of our Country, unjustly invaded, are necessary, and in the highest sense justifiable. We, my friends, attacked by an arbitrary tyrant, under the sanction of a force, the effects of which, we have attempted to illustrate, have been obliged to make the last solemn appeal. And I cannot but feel a pleasing kind of transport, when I see America, undaunted by the many trying scenes, that have attended her, still baffling the efforts of the most formidable power in Europe, and exhibiting an instance, unknown in history. To see an army of veterans, who had fought and conquered in different quarters of the globe—headed by a General tutor'd in the field of War, illustrious by former victories, and flush'd with repeated successes, threatening, with all the pomp of expression, to spread havoc, desolation and ruin around him; to see such a soldiery and such a General, yielding to an hardy race of men, new to the field of war; while on the one hand it exalts the character of the latter, convincingly proves the folly of those, who, under pretence of having a body of troops, bred to war, and ever ready for action, adopt this dangerous system, in subversion of every principle of lawful government. Here, if after having depicted scenes of so distressing a nature, it may not appear too descending, I could not forbear smiling at the British General and his Troops, who not willing to reflect on their present humiliating condition, affect the air of arrogant superiority. But Americans have learnt them, that Men, fighting on the principles of Freedom and Honor, despise the examples that have been set them by an Enemy;—and though, in the field, they can brave every danger in defence of those principles, to a vanquished enemy they know how to be generous:—But that this is a generosity not weak and unmeaning, but founded on just sentiments, and if wantonly presumed upon, will never interfere with that national justice, which ever ought, and lately has been properly exerted.

But while, with the warmest gratitude to Heaven, we view our late successes, and are at a loss to express our acknowledgment to the ILLUSTRIOUS HERO, who was the instrument, and whose Name, to remotest ages, will be ever dear to these New-England States, let us not forget our situation. There is an Army, and a very powerful one, still existing in the Heart of America. Methinks the Reputation of past Successes should animate every inhabitant of America to fly to Arms; and by one general Exertion utterly expel this last, this only remaining

remaining power of Great-Britain on the Continent. Ye, to whom the sacred, the important System of Government is committed—Ye Men of Sense and Virtue—Ye Patriots, who feel an affection for your Country and Posterity, let me conjure you to seize the present opportunity, happier than we could ever have expected, and which once omitted may never be again in our power.

I would not pretend to insinuate, that this is the *only* point which ought to be under *immediate* consideration, by a wise People or their *Delegates*. But this I will venture to affirm, that unless this is the *governing sentiment*, in every deliberation, every other thing is superfluous. Let us then rise superior to every private local attachment. As we are embarked on one broad bottom of universal Freedom, let us attend to this most pressing occasion; an occasion providentially offered for future Security and Happiness. If a royal army, tho' weak in its number, can thus insult us unpunished, the most slender imagination can easily foresee what must be the effects of a still greater force. I wish that the present generation, I wish that posterity may not feelingly reproach our inactivity.

Shall the frequent Calls of our EXALTED GENERAL, who seems to have been raised up by Heaven, to show to what an height Humanity may soar; who generously sacrificing affluence and domestic ease, wishes to share with you in every danger and distress, shall his frequent calls be in vain?—Remember, my Countrymen, the eyes of the Good and Great, in every Clime, are upon the present contest. Liberty, disgusted at scenes of cruelty and oppression, has left her ancient altars, and is now hovering to fix her last residence in America. Our exertions have hitherto been great and successful. Let not the ashes of WARREN, MONTGOMERY, and the illustrious Roll of Heroes, who died for Freedom, reproach our inactivity and want of spirit, in not completing this grand Superstructure; the Pillars of which have been cemented with the richest Blood of America. May that same Ardor, which has rendered America famous, still continue, and looking forward to those happy days of Liberty and Peace, which our Posterity shall enjoy, let us exult at the thought, that future Generations, while they reap the glorious Fruits of our Struggles, will rise up and call us Blessed.

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F I N I S.